PLANET
No.42
MAY
10¢
SLAVE OF
THE HYDRA
featuring GALE ALLEN
ALSO
MYSTA of the MOON
THE LOST WORLD
STAR PIRATE
AND OTHERS

The BIG OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER... JAM-PACKED WITH FAST ACTION AND DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

Why Guess? Get the best!

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE!

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 43, JULY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MAY 10th.

The LOST WORLD

BY THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

GRADUALLY THE SLIMY THINGS OF VOLTA LEARNED THE PLANET THEY BLIGHTED AND BEFOULED WAS PEOPLED BY UNCONQUERABLE SPIRITS WHO, LIKE HUNT BOWMAN, THEIR LEADER, STROVE DOGGEDLY TO DRIVE THE VOLTANS OUT.. AGAINST THEIR TIRELESS SABOTAGE, THEIR MOUNTING DESTRUCTION, THE RAGING VOLTA MEN SOUGHT FRANTICALLY FOR SOMETHING THAT WOULD SILENCE THE "PRIMITIVE" EARTHLINGS FOREVER!

FROM ITS STATION CALLOUSLY SET AMID RUINS OF EARTH'S CIVILIZATION, A VOLTA PATROL LEAVES FOR A ROUTINE FLIGHT...

EXKA WILL REPORT!

BUT, FROM HIDING..

OKAY, GANG- LET'S GO!

INSIDE THE STATION...

P7Q CALLING VOLTA OFFICE... EXKA REPORTING... PATROL ON MISSION LEFT HAS...

...SECTOR TO COVER AS ORD—

EXKA—BEHIND YOU!

ARGH! TOO LATE! BEFORE MY EYES EXKA KILLED IS!

THE STATION WRECKED! BEFORE I FOR HELP CALL THEY BE GONE!

HUNT—VOLTA HAS RADIO CONTACT WITH US!

RADIO CONTACT, HEY? WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR METHODS?

PATROL P7Q—YOUR STATION RETURN—EARTH—

THIS IS HUNT BOWMAN SIGNING YOU OFF!

CRASH!

ARGH! THIS TOO MUCH! HE DEFIES TOO LONG! AIDE! AIDE! AIDE!

WHAT WRONG IS?

I CALL_ I HOWL_I SCREAM_ YOU SLOW TO COME!

BRING INSTANTLY THE EARTHLINGS LATEST CAUGHT...I PLAN HAVE FOR DESTROYING INSOLENT HUNT BOWMAN!

USEFUL? ME? TO BE YOUR SLAVE? I'D RATHER GO DOWN FIGHTING!

AND SOON...

ARGH! POOR CROP IS...THIS ONE NOT GOOD...THIS ONE TOO WEAK...THIS ONE_HO, THIS ONE MIGHT USEFUL BE!

HUH?

KILL HIM!

TAKE THAT, YOU RAT!

NO-NO! NOT KILL_ USE NEEDLE!

AAAAH!

AND THEN...

YES...HE USEFUL TYPE...STRONG, VIOLENT..START METAMORPHIC PROCESS AT ONCE!

MINUTES LATER...

CHAMBER READY.. HERE SUBJECT COMES!

TERMINALS TO NERVES CONNECTED..NOW LEAVE.

READY, KARG?

READY!

AFTER AN HOUR...

OFF CONTROLS! NERVE CHARGE CONSTANT...WAIT... SUBJECT MOVES!

HUH..OH...SURE- OUR WONDERFUL EQUIPMENT!

GREETINGS, BROTHER!

YES..BROTHER.. YES! GREETINGS.

COME_WE SHOW YOU NOW THE HISTORY OF VOLTA REIGN ON EARTH.

HIS SOUL OURS NOW IS!

"WE CAME, OUR GREAT SCIENCE BRINGING...NO DOUBT WE SUPERIOR WERE!"

"YET FOOLISH EARTHLINGS FOUGHT...WE THEIR STUPID CULTURE SMASHED."

ARGH! WONDERFUL IS!

"BUT SOME TOO STUPID TO LEARN OUR GREATNESS. ONE ESPECIALLY... HUNT BOWMAN IS...HE AND HIS LYSSA!"

"MANY VILE THINGS DID THEY TO US...HIDING AND STRIKING LIKE ANIMALS...WE SUFFER SO THAT TO THEM_UH_CULTURE BRING!"

"AND THEN THREE CHILDREN WERE... PUT BY THEIR SCIENTIST-FATHER IN STRANGE MACHINE TO LIVE IN FUTURE."

"THEY CALLED ROBIN, BONNIE, BRUCE... WE THEM FREED. MISTAKE WAS! THEY VICIOUS TURN AT ONCE!"

"WE BRUCE KILLED, BUT ROBIN, A CLEVER SURGEON, GRAFTED BRUCE'S BRAIN INTO A VOLTA BODY!"

"AND BODY WAS THAT OF PRINCE GUTH, SON OF OUR LATE KING KLARG! WE THE FALSE GUTH EMBRACED."

"AND THEN WAS FOULLY MURDERED IN MIDST OF HIS NOBLE EXPERIMENT ON THE VILE BONNIE. THEY ESCAPED THEN."

"TO EARTH WITH HUNT BOWMAN AND HIS LYSSA... WE HUNTED DOWN THEM LIKE THE BEASTS THEY ARE... ALL VOLTANS TO AVENGE THEIR RULER."

"BUT THEY EVADED US. BY SNEAKY BRUCE HELPED, THEY DID MUCH DAMAGE."

"...AND WE SO KIND, SO WELL-INTENTIONED... IT MAKES US SAD."

THEY'RE ROTTEN! I'LL KILL THEM! JUST LET ME...

MENTAL OPERATION SUCCESS...HE VOLTA MAN!

...JUST LET ME...

FROK! YOU ONE OF US NOW...WE GIVE YOU CHANCE THEM TO PUNISH... LISTEN OUR PLAN TO...

AND FROK DOES LISTEN...WITH GROWING EXCITEMENT.

OH, GOOD...GOOD! IT CANNOT FAIL! BEGIN SOON?

SHIP EVEN NOW READY IS!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...

HE NOT KNOW? SIGNAL TO ME COMES STRONG!

THAT GOOD, VERY! NO, THAT HE BEAR SIGNAL TO YOU HE DOES NOT KNOW!

AND SO, A DAY OR TWO LATER ON EARTH, AS HUNT LEADS THE QUEST FOR FOOD...

HUNT! LOOK—VOLTAN'S RUNNING DOWN A HUMAN!

THAT'S RIGHT! WONDER WHAT WE CAN DO?

AMBUSH—THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! EVERYBODY TO THE GORGE—GET SET WITH THE ROCKS!

SECONDS LATER...

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NOW—FINISH 'EM OFF!

HELP! HELP!

MY VOLTA BROTHERS DIE, NOT KNOWING HOW THEY HELP THE TRAP TO BAIT!

WHEN IT IS ALL OVER...

GREETINGS, EARTHMAN! YOU'RE A STOUT FIGHTER—CARE TO JOIN US? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

FROK—AND GLAD I TO JOIN.

FROK!?

THAT'S NOT AN EARTH NAME.. AND HE TALKS LIKE A VOLTAN.

OUR HEADQUARTERS ARE AHEAD, FROK...IN THAT RUINED CHURCH!

I SEE!

MAYBE SOME CHANCE HERE!

DEEP IN THE CHURCH'S CRYPT..

SURE YOU DON'T MIND TAKING THE FIRST WATCH, LYSSA?

OF COURSE NOT, HUNT DEAREST!

WHEN HE SLEEPS, I MOVE!

NIGHT FALLS AND...

WHERE TO START? THE TOWER_?

IT HAS A HEAVY BELL!

HM... SUPPORTING BEAM IS OLD_ AND ROTTEN...

AND HERE IS A HEAVY BRACE... WOULD NOT TAKE MUCH!

TO PLACE IN CORNICE AND_WHAT'S THAT?

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, FROK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MEANWHILE..
THE EARTHLING'S SIGNAL FROM THE CHURCH COMES!
AND HE HUNT BOWMAN NEAR IS_CLOSE IN!

HEY, WHAT'S THAT? UP, EVERYBODY- SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!
AS..
NOW TO PUT BRACE AGAINST CORNER..

BUT, IN THE BELFRY..
HELP_ HUNT!
QUIET YOU!

PULL DOWN. UH! THAT DID IT! THE BEAM GIVES_ ONCE AGAIN..

NOT STOP ME NOW!
OH!

AH, SUCCESS!
THE HUGE BRONZE BELL PLUNGES THROUGH EACH FLIMSY OLD FLOOR..UNCHECKED!

ON DOWN_THROUGH THE ANCIENT CHURCH_TO CRASH INTO THE CRYPT!

DIE, HUNT BOWMAN, YOU FIEND_AND ALL YOUR VILE FRIENDS!

HA! NONE LEFT! GREAT WILL MY GLORY BE WITH THE MEN OF VOLTA! THAT HELMET? THE ONE KNOWN AS BRUCE OF COURSE!

I FORGET! THIS ONE LEFT_ BUT SHE IS FAIR. . AND SHALL BE MINE AS REWARD!

BUT, AT THE BOTTOM...

FROK! CONGRATULATIONS! YOU TRAPPED AND DESTROYED A VOLTA PATROL THAT HAD CREPT INTO THE CHURCH! BUT FOR YOU THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD US! SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO LYSSA?

I?!? KILLED THE VOLTANS? QUICK_MUST THINK.

UH_OH_SHE MIS-UNDERSTAND AND TRIED TO STOP ME.

WHILE, ON VOLTA...

NO! NOT ALONE. STUPID EARTHLING FAIL US- BUT KNOW NOT BUTTON IN HIS CLOTHING GIVES US CONSTANT SIGNAL!

BUT I UNDERSTAND NOW, FROK! IT WAS WORTH IT_TO HAVE YOU PROVE YOURSELF ONE OF US!

UH, YES_I TRY!

AND WILL TRY AGAIN! BUT, TROUBLE IS, I AM NOW ALONE!

The Lost World APPEARS IN EACH PLANET COMICS!

Gale Allen

by DOUGLAS McKEE

GALE NEEDED A VACATION— SHE TOOK ONE ON THE LOVELY WATER PLANET AQUA — WHERE HER PLEASURE TRIP ALMOST ENDED IN HER DEATH!

ROLF! LURA! HELLO THERE!

GALE! WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

TICKLED TO DEATH YOU CAN VISIT US NOW, GALE! WE'LL BE HARVESTING THE WATER CROPS SOON.

YOU'VE DONE MIRACLES ON THIS PLANET ROLF! SOON THE AQUATIC PLANTATIONS OF AQUA WILL FEED THE UNIVERSE!

THE MANMIRACLE IS OUR NEW LABOR SUPPLY

WHAT'S THAT!?

A WOMAN!

EEEEE

AIR BUBBLES! SOMEONE WAS DRAGGED UNDER! CAN WE-

NO, GALE THE CROP PADDIES ARE TOO DEEP TO ATTEMPT RESCUE.

THIS IS GAR'S WORK! WE PLANTERS MUST BAND TOGETHER!

THIS WOULD HAPPEN WHEN GALE CAME!

THESE ARE OUR GROWING TANKS-

I CAN TELL THEY'RE WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING -BUT WHAT?

-AND EVIL EYES FOLLOW THEIR EVERY MOVE!

JUST A LITTLE LONGER- AND THE PLANTERS OF AQUA WILL BE GLAD TO SELL OUT TO ME!

WHILE IN THE TANK GARDEN-

-BUT ROLF, WHO DOES ALL THE WORK?

YOU'LL SEE, GALE-

AN AQUATIC ORCHID! ISN'T IT LOVELY!

ROLF LURA I-UH! WHA?

OH! WHAT IS IT_WHAT IS IT?_IT DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE ME, THANK GOODNESS!

WHATEVER IT IS, THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE FITS IN WITH THAT SCREAM ON THE DIKE! I'LL ASK ROLF!

BUT LATER, GALE LEAVES HER FRIENDS' HOUSE_

THAT CREATURE, GALE? IT'S A HYDRA_WE BUY THEM BY THE HUNDREDS TO LABOR UNDERWATER!

THEY'RE HARMLESS, GALE!

HARMLESS GILL-BREATHERS, SUPPLIED BY THE DEALER GAR, WHO IS A MYSTERY MAN_? IF THOSE HIDEOUS HYDRA ARE JUST HARMLESS WATER SLAVES, I'M CRAZY!

I'LL SNEAK INTO GAR'S HYDRA NURSERY AND SEE WHAT I CAN SEE!

AH_AFTER THIS PRESSURE BELL COMES THE HYDRA TANK_

-AND THERE'S THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE... WHAT DIRTY WORK IS HE UP TO WITH THAT KINGSIZE HYPO NEEDLE?

I WONDER_ OOOH!

SMART ALEC, HEY?

SISTER, YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL WHAT YOU SAW!

BOSS_THIS GIRL_

OH HER.. I KNEW SHE WAS TROUBLE FIRST I SAW HER!

I_CAN'T_ BREATHE_ I_

I_WON'T_DROWN! IF ONLY I CAN REMEMBER WHAT I ONCE LEARNED ABOUT PROLONGING MY BREATH_

WHILE LURA AND ROLF EXAMINE THEIR PRIZE AQUATIC SPECIMENS_

GALE DISAPPEARED RIGHT AFTER LUNCH_

EXPLORING SOLO, NO DOUBT!

WHEN SUDDENLY_

ROLF! ELECTRO-SHOCK! THE HYDRA HAVE GONE MAD!

SWIM, LURA! THEY'RE ATTACKING!

FASTER!

GAR'S EVIL AGAIN, ROLF! HE'S BOUND TO FORCE US OUT OF AQUA!

SWIFTLY LURA AND ROLF ARE FORCED TO JOIN OTHERS...ALL PLANTERS...ALL CAPTIVE NOW, THEIR LIVES IN GAR'S CRUEL HANDS!

NO!

HELP!

HO! HO! SO I WIN AFTER ALL! THEY WOULDN'T SELL THEIR PROPERTY TO ME...BUT NOW I GET IT FREE! AND WITH INJECTIONS, MY HYDRA WORKERS WILL BE SLAVERS!

GAR THINKS I'M DEAD- HE SHOULD KNOW THE VALUE OF HOLLOW REEDS!

HE'S GONE- NOW IT'S MY DEAL!

BUT-

TRYING TO FOLLOW ME, YOU MONSTER!? FAT CHANCE!

NO TIME TO FIGHT NOW! HERE'S A RAINCHECK!

MEANWHILE

FROM NOW ON, I OWN AND OPERATE THE AQUATIC PLANTATIONS!

GAR- YOU-

NO! YOU CAN'T! THIS IS OUR LIFE WORK- AGH!

OUTSIDE, GALE STRUGGLES WITH THE WATER VALVE-

UH-

TAKES ALL MY STRENGTH- GOT IT!!

AND THE WATER POURS OUT OF THE TANK-

WE'RE SAFE!

BUT LOOK! THE HYDRA DIE OUT OF WATER!

THEY'RE KILLING ME!

GAR IS DEAD- BUT WE'RE RUINED! THE HYDRA WERE OUR ONLY LABOR- OUR CROPS ARE GONE-

BUT YOU'RE ALIVE! YOU CAN TRY RAISING OTHER CROPS- ON LAND-

ANYWAY, IT IS FAR BETTER TO LOSE A CROP THAN BE SLAVES TO THE HYDRA-

SHOOT FOR THE BEST IN COMICS! LOOK FOR THE 'BULL'S EYE'

AURO LORD OF JUPITER

By DICK CHARLES

NOVEMBER 23, 1965. THE FATEFUL DAY WHEN A ROCKET SHIP HURTLED OUT OF SPACE AND CRASHED ON JUPITER, ITS ONLY OCCUPANT A DYING EARTHMAN... AND AS THE JUPITERIANS' QUEEN LOOKED ON THE COFFIN, SHE SPOKE TO THE MIGHTY WARRIOR BESIDES HER. "LOOK, THERE LIES CHET EDSON. THAT MAN IS YOU!"

YES.. BUT THEN, WHOSE BODY IS THIS I'M IN?

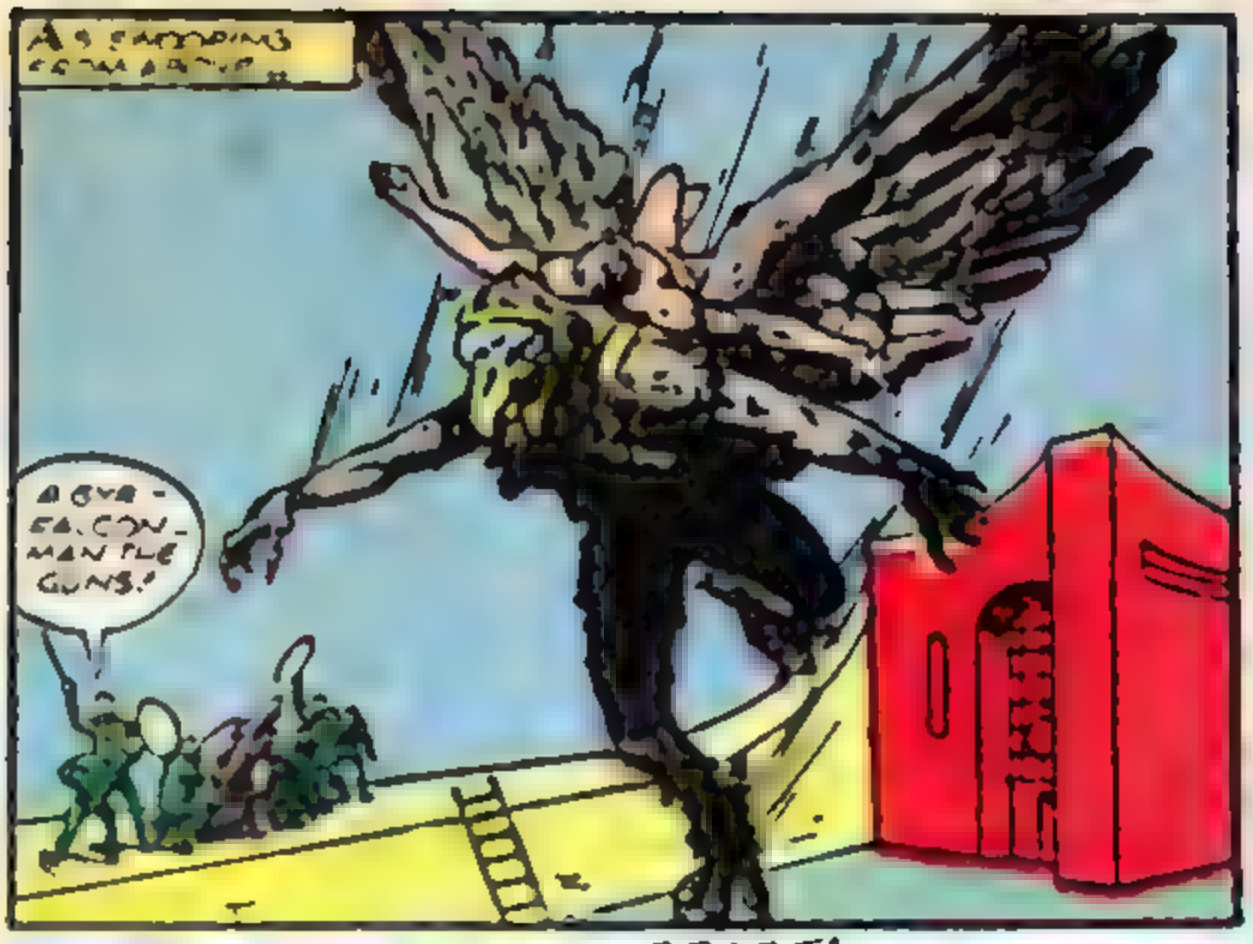
AURO'S, THE ONCE MIGHTY LORD OF JUPITER HE WAS PLOTTING THE RECONQUEST OF OUR FORMER LANDS WHEN HE WAS KILLED.

ROGO AND HIS UNDERWORLDERS CONTROL ALL BUT THIS TINY FORTRESS. BUT NOW YOU, AURO, ARE OUR REBORN LEADER.

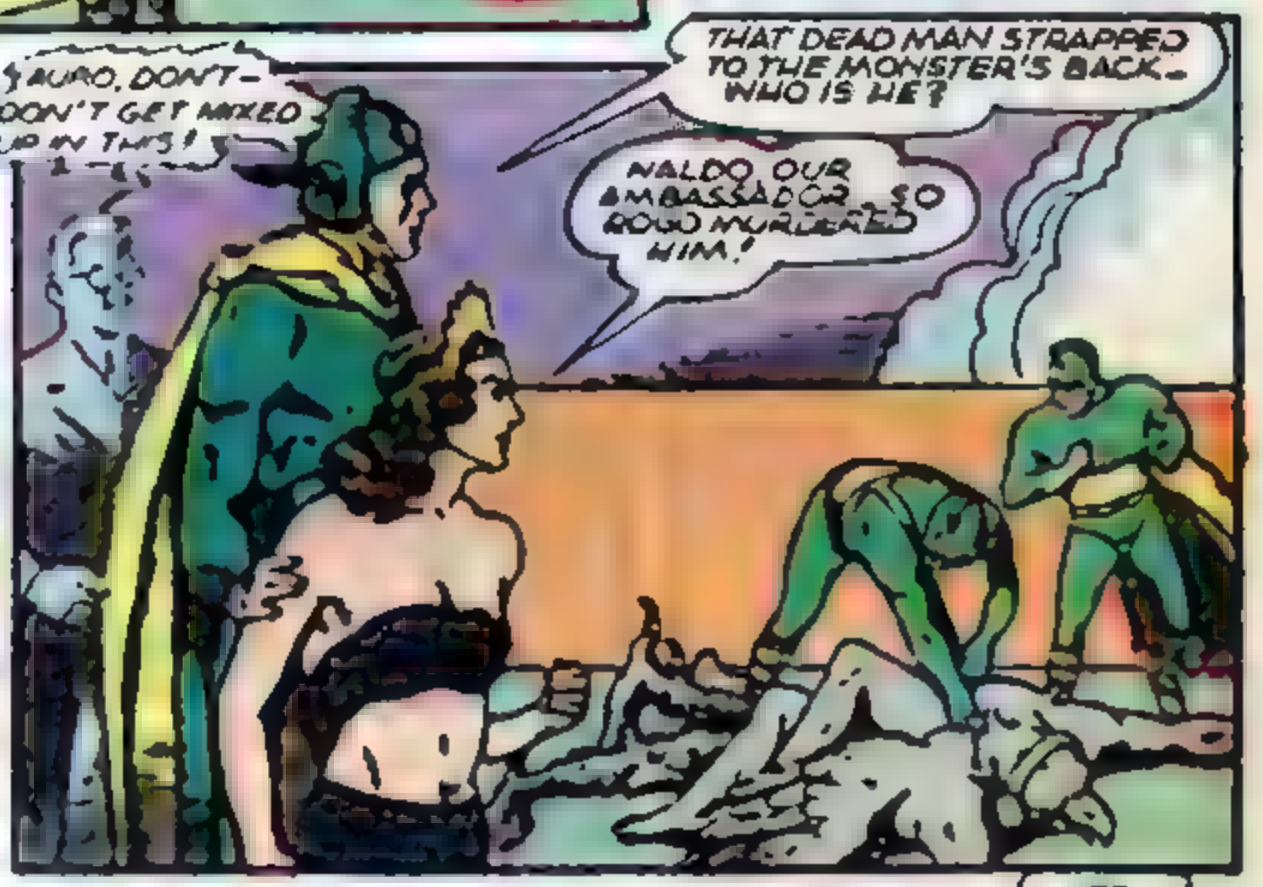
ME A WARRIOR.. A LEADER?

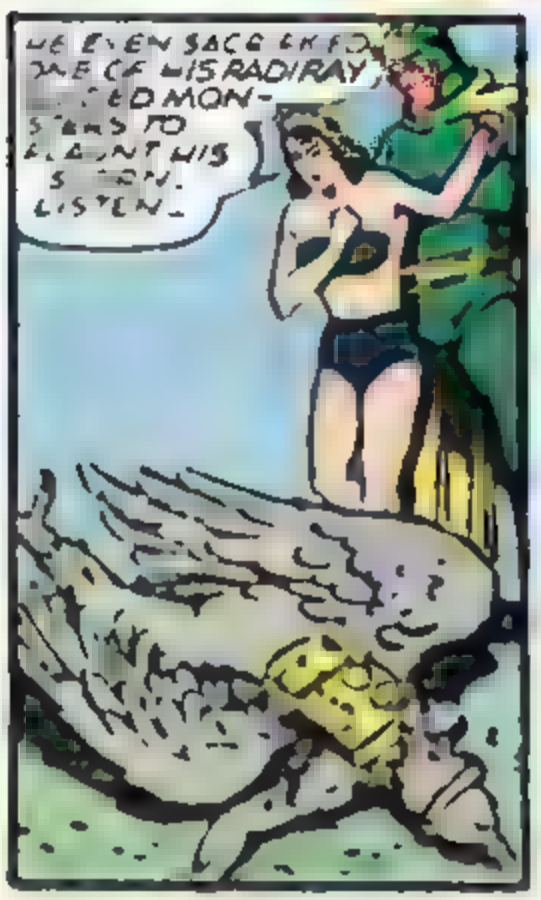
WHEN ROGO TURNED THE VOLCANIC GASES AGAINST US, AURO FOILED HIM WITH THAT SUCTION TOWER!

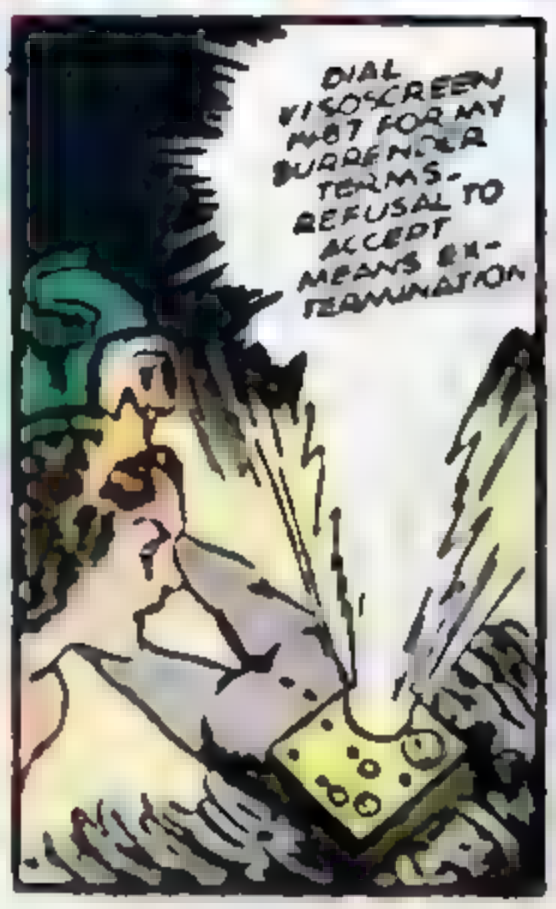
HEY, LOOK.. LOOK UP THERE!


A GYA - SA. COM - MAN THE GUNS!

LOOK, LOOK - HE HIT HIM - HE'S DROPPING INTO THE COURTYARD!


AURO, DON'T - DON'T GET MIXED UP IN THIS!
THAT DEAD MAN STRAPPED TO THE MONSTER'S BACK - WHO IS HE?
NALDO OUR AMBASSADOR SO ROGO MURDERED HIM!


HE EVEN SACRIFICED ONE OF HIS RADIRAYS - ED MON- STERS TO PLEASE HIS SUPERIORS. LISTEN -


DIAL VISOSCREEN NOT FOR MY SURRENDER TERMS - REFUSAL TO ACCEPT MEANS EX- TERMINATION

THEN WE MUST ACCEPT!
YES PERHAPS HE WILL BE MERCIFUL.
AURO - WHAT CAN WE DO?
SUBDUE THIS MONSTER BEFORE IT SPREADS!

INSTANTLY

BACK-BACK! ALL YOU WHO WOULD SURRENDER MUST FIRST MATCH BLADES WITH ME!

NO, DON'T, YOU-- ER.. WE'LL BE HURT!

THIS IS MY ANSWER TO COWARDS — WE WILL FIGHT THE UNDERWORLDERS!

YES - YES - WE WILL NOT BE SLAVES!

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE!

I KNEW YOU COULD UNITE OUR PEOPLE!

HEAVENS, WHAT NEXT? MOST EMBARRASSING.. ME IN AURO'S BODY!

WHERE IS THE SOSCREEN? I'LL SPEAK TO ROGO!

HURRY, DORNA, I AM ANXIOUS TO SEE THIS MADMAN'S FACE.

HE WILL BE WAITING FOR OUR ANSWER. LOOK-HIS PICTURE FORMS!

GREETINGS, PRINCESS. SO YOU RECEIVED MY MESSAGE — WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

OUR ANSWER, ROGO IS **NO**. WE WILL NOT SUBMIT!

AND SOON, IN THE WASTELANDS OF THE UNDERWORLDERS..

SO THE FOOLS REFUSE — GO — LAUNCH THE GYRFALCONS!

MINUTES LATER..

THEY'RE OFF — AND THE FORCE SCREENS WILL FOLLOW THEM. WHILE AURO'S MEN ARE BUSY FIGHTING THEM — I WILL STRIKE WITH THIS!

AURO LISTEN— THE WARNING TOWER!

JUPITERIANS— TO STATIONS— FLEET OF GYREALCONS APPROACHING!

AND SOON, THE WHIRL OF WINGS ECHOES IN THE VALLEY

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT—ROGO KNOWS WE HAVE BEATEN BACK THESE MONSTERS BEFORE AND WILL DO IT AGAIN—MARK!

WE HAVE WON— THEY ARE RETREATING!

IS THAT ALL, DONNA—WILL HE TRY AGAIN?

YES—NOW HIS FORCE SCREENS ARE ON THE MARCH— LOOK HERE!

AS ACROSS THE DESOLATE PLAINS...

THE SCREENS ARE COILS WHICH ABSORB OUR RAY CHARGES—ROGO KNOWS WE CAN DESTROY THEM—STILL HE INSISTS ON SACRIFICING HIS MEN— I WONDER WHY?

OUR BATTERIES ARE HOLDING FIRE UNTIL THE ENGINEER PASSES THE WORD THAT THE SCREENS ARE OVER THE MINE BELT— LISTEN.

THIRTY FARTHOS AWAY— TWENTY FIVE— TWENTY— TEN— NOW!

THEIR FORMATION IS BROKEN— THEY'RE IN CONFUSION!

NOW WE'LL ANNIHILATE THEM— FIRE THE RAY GUNS!

BUT, BELOW THE COURT— YARD...

EVERYONE TO THE SHOCK CHAMBER— HERE GOES THE WARHEAD!

AND SUDDENLY...

DEAR ME, I THOUGHT THIS WAS ALL OVER, BUT WHAT NOW?

BELOW THERE IN THE COURT-YARD-LOOK!

IT'S ROGO-QUICK, GUARDS!

WE'RE INSIDE THE FORTRESS-LOOSE YOUR DARTS THAT CIRCLE YOUR ARMS! KILL ALL JUPITERIANS!

HEAVENS-THERE I GO LEADING THE ATTACK-THIS IS AWFUL!

TO ME, MEN OF JUPITER-LOOK, SEE HOW MY SHIELD SHEDS THEIR ELECTRO-DARTS!

AURO SPEAKS TRUTH! I MUST KILL HIM-- AH-MY CHANCE!

AURO-AURO-BEHIND YOU-LOOK OUT! HE CAN'T HEAR ME-AH-THE HOSE!

AURO, LORD OF JUPITER, BUT MY STEEL WILL MAKE HIM LORD OF DEATH!!

LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT! OHH, I'VE GOT TO MAKE AURO HEAR ME-

NOW AURO TURNS AND FACES HIM ALMOST AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN WARNED— BUT THE UNDERWORLDERS ARE AT HIS BACK!

QUICK, YOU FOOLS, GET HIM FROM BEHIND!

ALREADY THEY GO TO ROGO'S AID. BUT THEY BREATH THROUGH THEIR SKINS. AND THIS VOLCANIC GAS... WILL SMOTHER THEM!

INSTANTLY..

HELP UNDER-WORLDERS.. HELP! OHHH!

TOO LATE, ROGO— YOUR HENCHMEN ARE DESERTING YOU!

WE'VE WON, AURO— ONLY A FEW ESCAPED. ONCE MORE OUR PEOPLE WILL RULE JUPITER!

AND WELL WILL WE RULE IT. COME, DORNA

HEAVENS— DID I DO ALL THIS? I— I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD IT IN ME!

AURO, LORD OF JUPITER, IN EVERY ISSUE OF, PLANET COMICS!

SPORTS of TOMORROW

THE YEAR: 2046 — AND AT THE AIR SHOW, MEN HURTLE ACROSS THE PLANET EARTH IN SCANT SECONDS, POWERED BY ROCKETS.

FOR A LONG TIME SURFACE ANIMALS HAVE EXISTED ONLY IN HISTORY BOOKS. HUNTERS NOW DESCEND INTO THE BRINY DEPTHS TO TEST THEIR SKILL.

BOXING AND WRESTLING BETWEEN HUMANS ALSO EXISTS ONLY ON YELLOW PAGES IN A LIBRARY. FROM HIS KEY BOARD CONTROL THE MAN OF TOMORROW PITS ROBOTS AGAINST EACH OTHER...

...IN A BOUT BROUGHT TO THE TELEVISOR SCREEN OF THE STAY-AT-HOMES FOR THEIR ENJOYMENT.

STAR PIRATE

by LEN DODSON

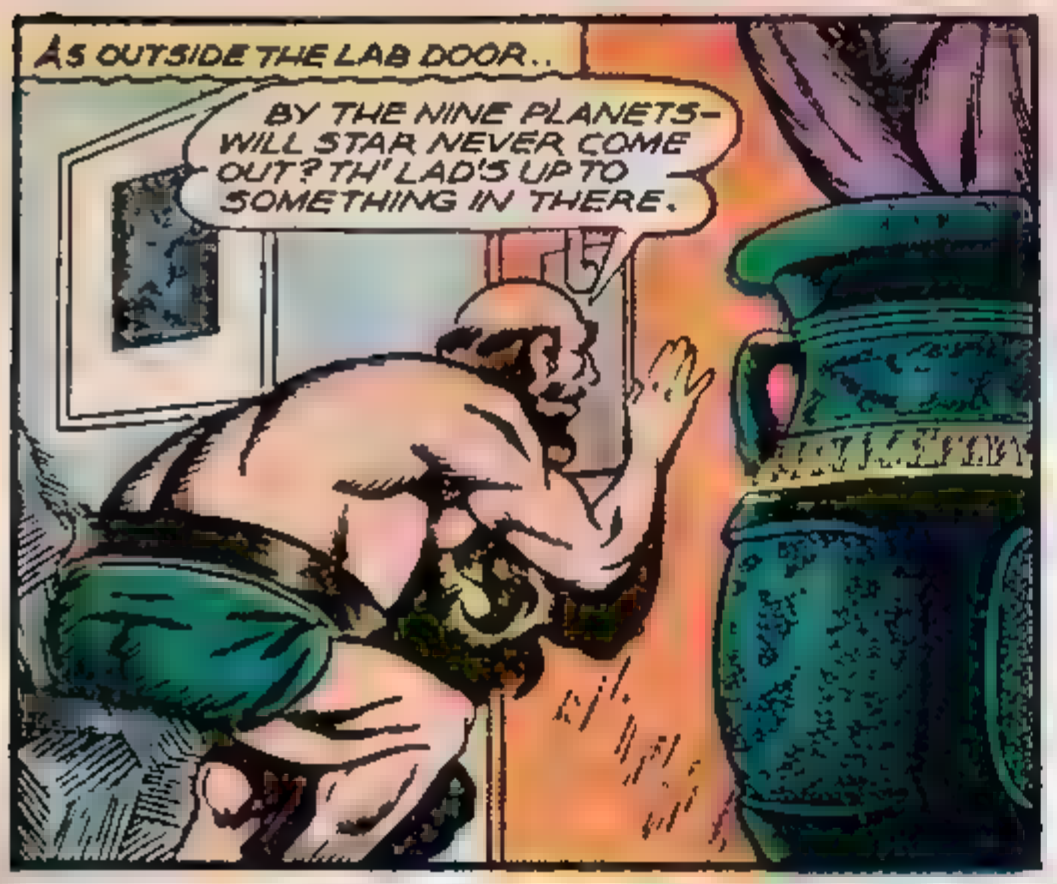
STAR PIRATE—ROBIN HOOD OF THE SPACEWAYS... BUT NOW THE ETHERSCOPE FLASHED A NEW NAME, A GRIM MESSAGE.. WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE, STAR PIRATE— MURDERER!

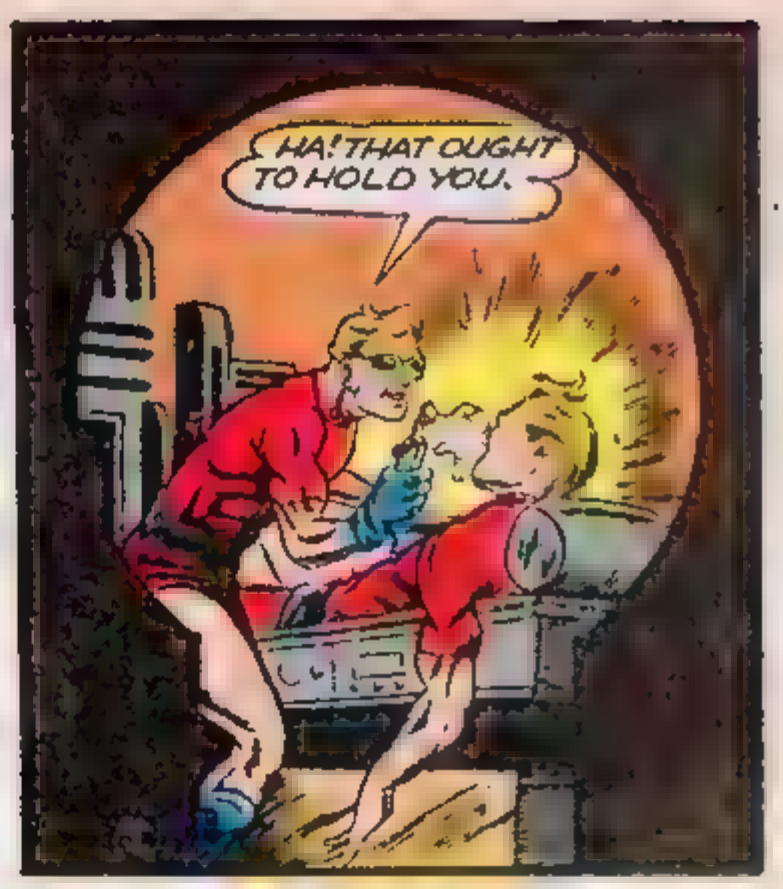
MURPHY ANDERSON 45

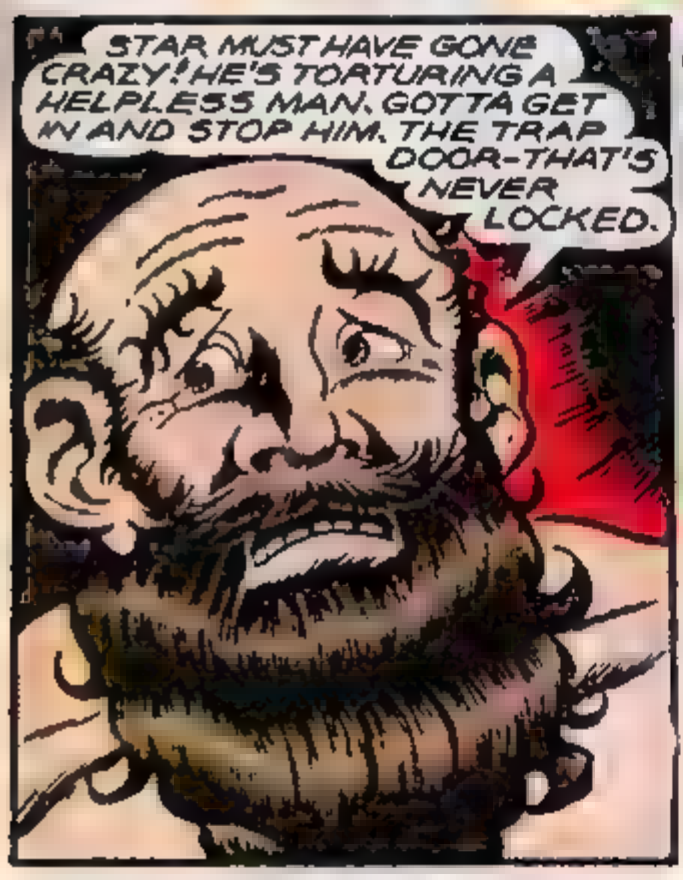
AND ON THE HIDDEN ASTEROID, RITON..

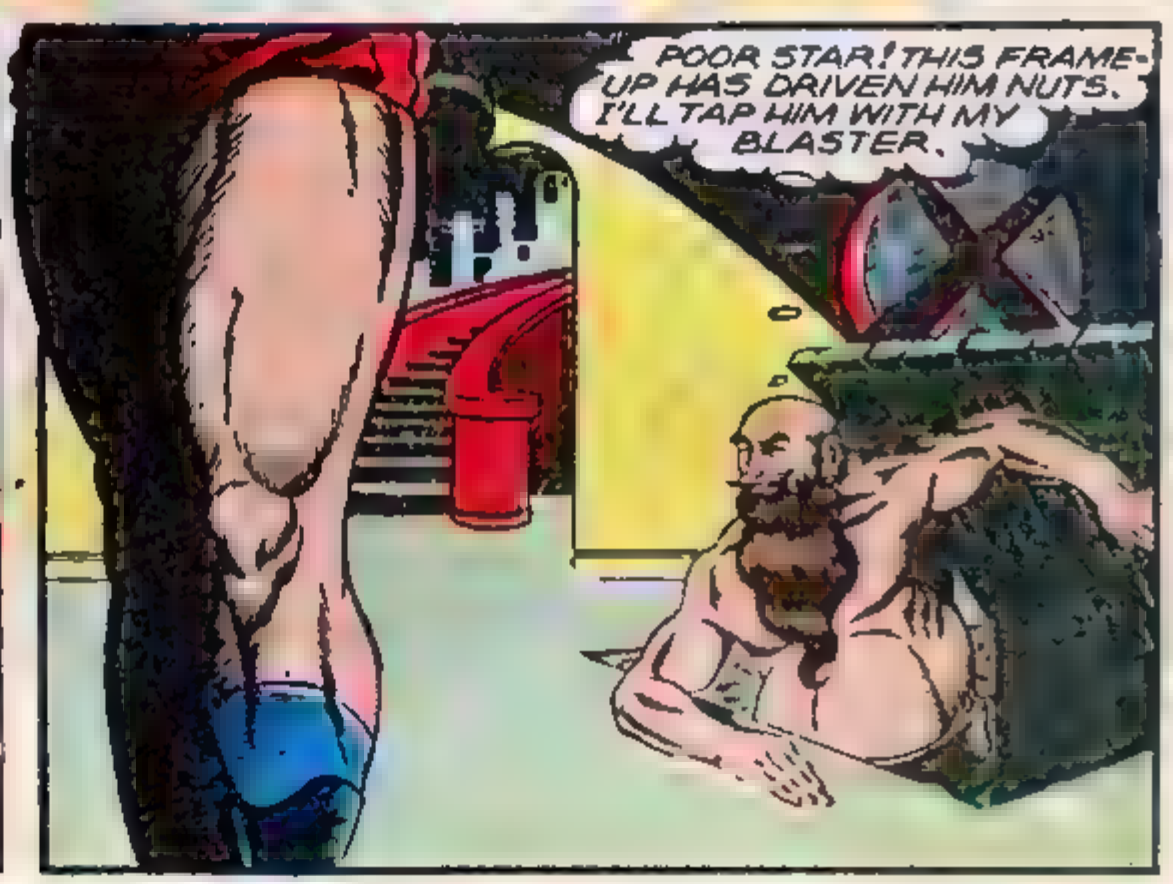
FLASH! ANOTHER RAID BY STAR PIRATE. CALLISTO REPORTS ENTIRE CREW WIPED OUT AS KILLER EVADES PATROLMEN.

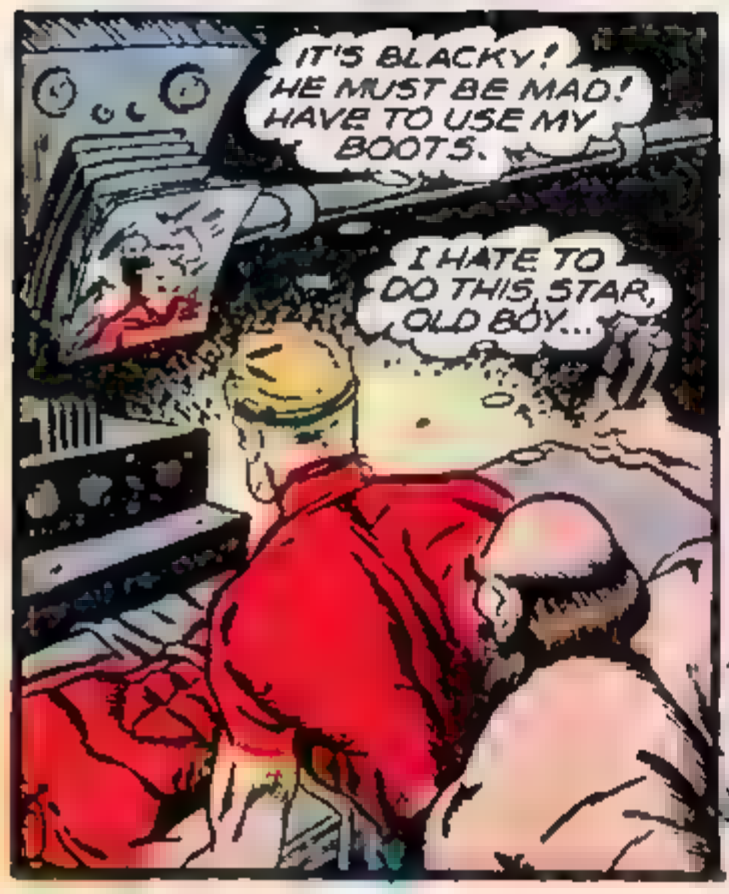
YOU FOOLS! SINCE WHEN HAVE I STARTED MURDERING CREWS? IF YOU DON'T NAB HIM I'LL HAVE TO TRY MYSELF!











BUT, SUDDENLY.

THAT DIDN'T EVEN DENT YOUR THICK SKULL, BLACKY. WHEN YOU WAKE UP WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY. UNTIL THEN, SWEET DREAMS.

HA HA HAA

I'LL SINGE YOUR BEARD..

I'LL FRY YOUR EYE.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE..

AND NOW YOU'LL DIE!

HEY, BLACKY, WAKE UP. YOU'VE BEEN OUT FOR THREE HOURS.

WOW! WHAT HIT ME? WHERE AM I?

WE'RE ON OUR "JOLLY DODGER" — LOOKING FOR THE SKUNK THAT'S FRAMING ME. AH, THE ULTRA RADAR'S PICKED UP THE FREIGHTER, CALLISTO. WE'LL TAIL IT — MAYBE THE RAIDER WILL STRIKE..

AW, WHO'D ATTACK AN OLD SPACE TUB LIKE... ULP! I JES THOUGHT... THET RAIDER COULD HOP ON US!

PROPHETIC WORDS, BLACKY—FOR NEARBY—

SEE, D'WARGANS, ANOTHER VICTIM FOR OUR GUNS. WHAT CHANCE HAS THIS FREIGHTER AGAINST AN INVISIBLE SHIP?

NONE, EARTH WOMAN NOW WE START THE ATTACK, YES?

RANGE 1400 TEKULS, DEFLECTION 0800

FIRE!

INSTANTLY.

AND HAVOC RULES THE FREIGHTER CALLISTO!

GREAT JUPITER! LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

KILL ALL THE EARTHLINGS THERE MUST BE NO SURVIVORS

DIE—STUPID GIANT!

MERCY! MERCY! AHH!

TRANSFER THE CARGO TO THIS SHIP—HURRY! WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE

SORKA! ANOTHER SHIP COMES!

JUST AS I THOUGHT. THE FREIGHTER HAS BEEN ATTACKED AND THERE'S NOBODY ELSE IN SIGHT. THE RAIDERS' SHIP MUST BE INVISIBLE.

INVISIBLE! THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO BE RIGHT NOW. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

GET AWAY FROM THOSE CONTROLS, BLACKY. I'M SETTING 'EM DEAD FOR THAT FREIGHTER.

HAVE A HEART, STAR! THEY'LL CHEW US UP LIKE A SAUSAGE MACHINE!

NO THEY WON'T. THIS IS WHERE MY WORK IN THE LAB COMES IN. LOOK...

WHILE..

YOUR WORK IS NOT YET FINISHED, D'WARGANS. ANOTHER SHIP IS COMING.

BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! IF I DIDN'T SEE IT, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

IT'S STAR PIRATE'S SHIP. HE'S THE SUCKER THAT'S TAKING THE RAP FOR OUR WORK. ATTACK IMMEDIATELY!

INSTANTLY.

THEY'LL SHAKE US TO PIECES, STAR! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE!

GOOD WORK! FIX HIM WITH MAGNETIC RAYS I'M GOING ABOARD MYSELF.

PREPARE THE GANG-PLANK- HIS SHIP HAS MADE ITS LAST FLIGHT.

FOLLOW ME, EARTHWOMAN. I WILL FORCE HIS SPACE LOCK.

WE'LL LEAVE HIM HERE FOR THE POLICE. WHEN HE'S DEAD HE CAN'T PLEAD HIS INNOCENCE.

NO NEED TO KILL HIM, HE IS DEAD ALREADY!

THE CONCUSSION FROM OUR ATOM GUNS MUST HAVE BEEN FATAL.

YES, BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE I'LL GIVE HIM A TASTE OF THE BLASTER... WAIT! LOOK!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED, THEY'RE PLASTIC DUMMIES!

YOU'RE THE DUMMY, SISTER, NOT US! TELL THOSE PINT SIZED MIDGETS TO GET 'EM UP.

YEAH! UNLESS YOU WANTA GIT FROZEN BY A PARALYSIS RAY.

QUICK, D'WARGANS! KILL THEM OR WE ARE LOST – OHH– – –

OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

INSTANTLY..

CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE ONLY MY MIND WORKS!

A CLEAN SWEEP, BLACKBEARD. NOW TO BORROW THEIR SHIP AND..

HOLD ON, LAD. HAVE YE FORGOTTEN HER MEN STILL HOLD HER SHIP? C'MON!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!

NOW I CAN SAY CLEAN SWEEP! BUT THERE'S STILL SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS

STAR PIRATE CALLING SPACE PATROL IF YOU'D LIKE THE **REAL** RAIDERS WHO'VE BEEN POSING AS ME – COME TO OUTER AMBIANCE 7.

AND AS FOR US, BLACKY, IT'S TIME WE SCOOTED OUT OF HERE IN OUR NEW INVISIBLE SHIP!

AYE, DANG IT! BUT IF IT'S INVISIBLE, HOW'S THE POLICE T' KNOW WHEN WE HIJACK A SHIP? WE'RE LIKELY TO BE DEMOTED TO PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER TWO.

Star Pirate APPEARS IN EVERY **PLANET COMICS!**

THE MENTAL MONSTERS OF HAVOC

By Reynold Morgan

THE first thing Ron noticed was the silence. It pressed at him like a great weight. He looked around him. Everything he saw was still and cold. Far across the field he saw a man, sprawled out on the ground. A sort of shapeless heap. His eyes swept over the gaping hangars. They were deserted.

For a moment Ron sat there. This was Mars City. This was a city he had traveled half across the Universe to reach. He had thought to find work here, live amongst the people and grow with them. And instead he found this, desolate, bleak, forbidding.

For a moment longer Ron sat in the cabin of his small ship, and then he stirred. He climbed out onto the field and started across it slowly. He wore a radia-gun, and his hand hovered close to it.

He walked toward the hangars, and beyond them, heading for the towering buildings in the distance. He could see the city plainly now, and it seemed dim and unreal. He saw no moving thing.

He moved between the first buildings. They seemed to close on him. He slipped the radia-gun from his belt. Felt better then.

He stopped suddenly. An electric needle seemed to be touching his heart. He saw people. Or what had been people. Grotesque, almost hideous, in death.

He walked among them, feeling a coldness through his body. It was as though they watched him, these sightless, wretched corpses, and laughed at him for remaining. Here a child, small arms out-flung, stared wide-eyed at the sky. Here a woman, once long-limbed, lovely and delicate. Now contorted with lines of horror, streaked with soars of hurt. Here another woman.

The cold needle touched his heart again. Here another woman—stirring, opening her eyes, moaning, Alive!

Ron knelt beside her. Waited, while she stared around her and slow fear crept into her eyes.

"What happened here?" he asked gently.

"Are they gone?" her voice was small and frightened.

"Who? What happened?"

She raised her head, and Ron saw that she was young and fine-featured.

"The Bogs," she whispered. "They came so suddenly. One minute the city was alive with laughter and strolling people, and then there were screams and terror and death. They came through the street swiftly, snarling and shrieking, killing."

The Bogs, he thought. Slaves of man. Beasts who worked the Titanium mines. They were harmless, docile creatures. Huge, yes, and powerful. But they had never been known to revolt. Their minds were controlled by men, their actions directed by telepathy. And yet, this girl told him they had *attacked!*

Ron felt the sudden pressure of her fingers on his arm And he saw the creature, swaying in the center of the street about a hundred yards away. The Bog was sniffing at the body of a child, its delicate antennas, sensitive enough to pick up the thoughts of humans, quivering with alien delight. It was a gigantic hairy brute, its hulking body slightly unbalanced on six cat-like legs.

Even as Ron watched the creature a second appeared, and then a third, coming around the corner of a building. Ron spied an open doorway and he and the girl ran for it. Behind them the Bogs set up a sudden screeching.

The two humans fled up a flight of metal stairs and found a window on the second landing. They were surprised to see that the Bogs had not been pursuing them, but were pounding their massive bodies against the wall of a smaller building up the street. Some one was waving a white cloth from a window of the besieged structure.

Under the Bogs' savage attack the front wall of the building soon crumbled. One of the lumbering monsters clambered through a gaping hole. A hoarse, pained scream rent the air as some person within the structure found death.

For a moment there was a terrible silence, broken only by the dry sobs of the girl. She was a quivering, hunted thing, fragile and lovely and helpless. Something stirred in Ron's breast, and he found himself wishing they were far away from this place. He saw himself holding her close to him, touching her lips with his, saying softly that he loved her. It was a

strange dream for such a moment.

A look of helpless anger came into the girl's eyes. "Those men. The ones they arrested in the mines yesterday. They are criminals, and yet they are safe in the Administration Building. While the people of the city—"

"Criminals? Arrested? Take it easy. That story may be common knowledge in Mars City, but I'm a stranger here."

"The Venusian Bog-master was arrested yesterday. He's the man who directed the work of the animals. He and some other men in the mine were stealing Titanium. They would load the precious metal on the Bogs and then the Bog-master would direct them into the hills north of Mars City. Three space-planes were kept there. They were used to take the Titanium off the planet."

"And those men are being held in the Administration Building?" Ron asked.

The girl nodded. "Just a few streets from here. They live in safety, and the people of Mars City die."

Ron looked out of the window furtively. The Bogs were gone, he saw; probably on the trail of some other helpless victim Further up the street he could see a large metal structure The Administration Building, safe and impenetrable. He turned back to the girl.

"I want you to stay here," he said. "I'm going to make a dash for that place."

The girl shook her head. "I won't stay here alone. If you leave, I'm going with you"

Ron glanced again at the street below It was void of movement. "It looks safe enough," he said to the girl "Come on!"

They moved down the metal stairs quickly and silently. They hesitated for a moment on the street, and then started to run.

Steering a course through the clutter of corpses, Ron led the way.

They were half-way to the steel building when a great, lumbering beast appeared suddenly on the street behind them. A terrible, blood-chilling screech cut the air. It soon grew in volume as other creatures joined the first. The thud of their heavy, padded feet mounted like a rolling of drums as they started in pursuit.

The girl was sobbing her fear as she ran. Her hand closed like a vise over Ron's. He pulled her ahead desperately. It would be a close race to the building and he prayed that she would not break down.

Relief flooded through Ron as they reached the Administration Building. He pounded on the great door. The Bogs were almost upon them now, but they would be inside in a second.

It seemed an endless time until the metal door swung open. Ron forced his way in, dragging the girl after him. A uniformed guard slammed the door and bolted it. An instant later a great thudding echoed through the building. The Bogs were attacking—and it seemed certain that they would break in.

Ron grabbed the guard by the sleeve. "Quick!" he shouted. Take me to the men who were arrested in the mines yesterday! Hurry, man! No questions!"

The guard had seemed about to speak. But at Ron's urgent words he snapped into motion instead.

They dashed to the second floor, and Ron saw a row of cells there The guard held out some keys wordlessly and pointed to one of the barred rooms.

A giant crashing sound came from below. The Bogs had broken through!

As he fumbled with the lock, Ron stared through the bars. His eyes ran over the men in the cell—an unkempt, evil-looking lot. His eyes stopped when they fell upon a tall, yellow-skinned man dressed in the uniform of a Bog-master.

The bars swung in. Ron drew his radia-gun and stepped into the room—moving straight for the Venusian Bog-master Behind him, coming from the direction of the stairs, he heard the snarling and howling of the approaching Bogs. Without hesitation, Ron brought up the radia-gun and slammed the barrel across the Bog-master's skull. The man dropped without a sound.

For a moment there was complete silence. Then the guard exclaimed, "What did you do that for? Are you insane?"

"Listen," Ron said, smiling. "The Bogs. They have stopped!"

No one spoke And a great stillness filled the place. A giant Bog came up into the corridor from the stairs, but he moved aimlessly, intending no harm.

"Don't you see?" Ron exclaimed "This man. The Bog-master He controlled the beasts in the mine. directed them with his thoughts. When he was arrested. he continued to direct them. He thought only one thought, 'Kill! Destroy! Allow no human to live!' and the creatures obeyed him In that way he had his revenge When I knocked him out, he could no longer direct their actions. They became mindless, helpless creatures." He addressed the guard now "Round up some men Tie these creatures down. Get them secured before this guy comes to and everything will be all right."

"Yes, sir!" the guard said, and moved off.

Ron stepped toward the girl He kept his gun pointed in the direction of the prisoners—but at that moment, if they had known it, they could have escaped. Ron's mind was on the girl, repeating the little dream he had had before, being warmed by the gentle little smile that lighted her eyes as he approached.

MYSTA OF THE MOON

By ROSS GALLON

THE GRIMMEST SECRET OF ALL TIME! SO DEADLY THAT ALL RESEARCH IN ITS DIRECTION HAD TO BE SUPPRESSED! EVEN THE FACT THAT IT WAS SUPPRESSED HAD TO BE WIPED FROM MEMORY—LEST THE VERY COSMOS ITSELF VANISH IN SUDDEN FLAME! YET, FROM TIME TO TIME, INNOCENT STUDENTS WOULD STUMBLE TOWARD THE TERRIBLE DANGER—AND THEN SHE, THIS FRAIL HEIRESS OF ALL SCIENCE—MYSTA—HAD TO ACT!

AS WHEN YOUNG DR. GREY EXCITEDLY CALLS MYSTA...

MYSTA! MYSTA! WHY DON'T YOU ANS—AH, THERE YOU ARE! MYSTA, I HAVE SPLIT THE ATOM! REALLY—

DR. GREY, YOU MUST STOP THIS WORK—AT ONCE! AS CONTROLLER OF SCIENCE, I DEMAND IT!

WHAT! BUT—BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I AM ON THE TRACK OF THE SECRET OF TREMENDOUS POWER! I—

SHE WON'T EXPLAIN! JUST USES HER AUTHORITY TO STOP MY WORK! WELL, I WON'T STOP. IT'S TOO IMPORTANT!

I HAVE TO DO THIS! IT IS FOR THE GOOD OF ALL...

MY WORK. MY LIFE-WORK!

BUT TWO HOURS LATER...

MYSTA!

YES, GREY. I HAD A FEELING YOU WOULD DEFY ME.. AND SO.

YOU. YOU LITTLE SNIP! I'LL KILL YOU!

ROBOT! HOLD HIM!

THAT'S ENOUGH, ROBOT... I HAVE NO WISH TO HURT HIM!

GOODBYE, DR GREY.. I'M REALLY VERY SORRY, BUT I HAD TO DO IT.. PERHAPS SOME DAY I CAN EXPLAIN. .HERE'S PLENTY OF VITAL WORK FOR A CLEVER MAN LIKE YOU... GOODBYE!

LATER

ABOUT I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON DR. GREY. REMIND ME TO DROP IN ON HIM NEXT MONTH

MEANWHILE, HUNDRED YEARS OF MY LIFE AND ALL A CAPRICIOUS WHIM! BUT I CAN'T TURN BACK—I CAN'T—I CAN'T!

AND SO, IN A FEW DAYS

AN HOUR WISE TO HAVE SELECTED THIS SPOT! NO ONE FOR MILES AROUND! AND NOW—DR. GREY GOES UNDERGROUND!

HUNDREDS OF FEET DOWN. THE ENTRANCE CONCEALED. MYSTA WILL NEVER KNOW!

MY CYCLOTRON REBUILT NOW—AT LAST—I CAN GET ON WITH MY WORK!

THE HOURS PASS UNNOTICED. AND THEN—

GOT IT! JUST WHERE SHE INTERRUPTED ME! ONE MORE STEP AND—

BUT THAT STEP, DR. GREY, IS THE VERY ONE MYSTA TRIED TO STOP YOU FROM TAKING!

ON THE SURFACE...

PROFESSOR! OBSERVE THE SEISMOGRAPH NEEDLE!

HMM...MUST HAVE BEEN A MAJOR EARTH-QUAKE SOMEWHERE!

BELOW...

UH...OH.. WHERE AM I? AH, I REMEMBER...THE EX-PLOSION! BUT_WHAT_HOW_I'M STILL ALIVE! OR AM I? STRANGE FEELINGS..COULD IT BE? YES! I HAVE BEEN TRANSMUTED_ EVERY CELL, EVERY ATOM OF ME_IS RADIOACTIVE!

I FEEL I SHALL NEVER DIE, NOW! BUT I MUST GET ON WITH MY WORK.. GET SUPPLIES..REPAIR THE DAMAGE...

AND SO, IN A NEARBY CITY..

YES, SIR, I THINK WE HAVE THAT IN STOCK.

YES, MISS, YOU'RE NEXT...WH-OH-OH!

WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HE_WHY_OH_M-MY-

SAY! NOW THE GIRL FALLS! CALL A DOCTOR!

BUT WHEN HE COMES...

HM..I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I WONDER IF MYSTA...

ccoccc

IT SEEMS LIKE RADIUM POISONING!

FROM THE GLOWING MAN, EH?.. DISTURB NOTHING UNTIL I COME...I WILL NOTIFY THE EARTH COUNCIL TO ASSEMBLE THERE!

WE MUST MAKE YOU A LEAD SUIT LIKE THIS, ROBOT.. AS IT IS YOU MUST STAY HERE.. ..YOUR DELICATE CONTROLS CAN BE RUINED BY WHAT I THINK IS LOOSE ON EARTH NOW!

AH, MEMBERS OF THE EARTH COUNCIL! THE EARTH IS FACING SOMETHING TERRIBLE WHICH I CANNOT EXPLAIN! YOU MUST TRUST ME, AND DO AS I SAY!

NEVER WAS THE TRIP TO EARTH MADE SO FAST!

GREETINGS, MYSTA!

AT THE STORE..

NOW STAND BACK WHILE I ADJUST THIS GEIGER COUNTER..AH, A REACTION!

BUT WHAT IS IT?

DO NOT FOLLOW ME! KEEP WELL AWAY!

NOW TO TRACK HIM TO HIS HIDING PLACE!

WHAT DOES SHE SEE?

THE GEIGER COUNTER, A TWENTIETH CENTURY DEVICE FOR DETECTING RADIO-ACTIVITY, SHOWS THE MOON-MAID..THIS!

WITHIN AN HOUR...

DR. GREY, I PRESUME?

MYSTA! HOW?

YOURS IS NO LONGER A HUMAN LIFE, DR. GREY— ELSE I SHOULD REGRET DOING THIS VERY MUCH!

HER PARALYSIS RAY...IT DID NOT AFFECT ME!

I FORGOT...LET US SEE WHAT THE HEAT RAY WILL DO!

THE DISINTEGRATION BEAM FAILS, TOO! I DIDN'T FORESEE THIS!

NO, MYSTA! YOU CANNOT DESTROY ME— BUT I CAN DESTROY YOU.

I NEED ONLY TEAR AWAY THAT LEAD SUIT AND EXPOSE YOU TO MY DEADLY RAYS!

HA! FLEE, MY LITTLE FOOL— YOU WILL DIE WITH YOUR MOON ANYWAY!

AFTER THAT I WILL DESTROY YOUR WHOLE MOON WITH AN ATOMIC BOMB! IT IS HALF FINISHED NOW! COME TO ME, MYSTA!

THE DOOR—THE DOOR! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

GOT YOU!

NO, NOT YET!

EARTH COUNCIL! MYSTA SPEAKING. THE DANGER HAS INCREASED! WHILE I RETURN TO THE MOON, YOU MUST DO THE FOLLOWING THINGS...

AT THE VERY LEAST IT WILL DELAY HIM!

I KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW. BUT I NEED TIME -TIME!

MEANWHILE, ON EARTH...

WELL, WE FOUND THE CAMOUFLAGED HOLE... WE SET UP THE LEAD MELTING PLANT... WE ARE NOW POURING HOT LEAD DOWN THAT HOLE - BUT WHAT FOR?

THIS IS HOT WORK, ED. WHEN ARE WE TO BE RELIEVED?

DUNNO. GUESS WE'LL JACK! LOOK!

HELP!

WHAT THE-?

IN AN OBSERVATORY...

ANTON! SOMETHING VERY MUCH LIKE A PROJECTILE HAS LEFT THE EARTH - FOR THE MOON!

DR. GRAY'S ATOMIC BOMB!

BUT_HALFWAY TO THE MOON...

CONFOUND HER_SHE MANAGED TO DETON-ATE IT! OUT THERE ARE OTHER STEPS I CAN TAKE!

AND THEN...

NO, DR GREY_THIS IS THE END FOR YOU!

MYSTA! YOU IN THERE? COME OUT, SO I CAN BE SURE OF KILLING YOU!

AH_SHE LANDS! PERHAPS I CAN EAT THROUGH THE METAL OF THAT STRANGE SHIP!

STAND BACK, PEOPLE OF EARTH_STAND WELL BACK!

THIS, DR GREY, IS A NEUTRON GUN!

NEUTRON! NO, NO MYSTA, I SURRENDER.

TOO LATE, DR GREY. I MUST DO THIS_

_IT WORKED!

YES, THE NEUTRONS I FIRED AT HIM REN-DERED HIM SUDDENLY UNSTABLE_YOUR LEAD POURING HELD HIM UP UNTIL I HAD TIME TO FINISH IT!

MYSTA, appears in each PLANET COMICS!

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH

SILENTLY, MYSTERIOUSLY, THE VICEROY'S DAUGHTER LEO FLINT AND REEF TO THE ROCKET SHIP - FOR TO SAVE HER FATHER SHE MUST BETRAY HIM AND SEND THE SPACE RANGERS TO THEIR DOOM!

I CALLED YOU BECAUSE I'M CERTAIN DAD'S LEAVING TONIGHT. SEE - HIS SHIP'S READY FOR A FLIGHT!

IT'S THE KISSOFF. ALL RIGHT HE ALSO WITHDREW A MILLION FROM THE TREASURY TODAY!

YES - AND FLINT, I'VE FOUND OUT THE MYSTERY MAN FATHER'S BEEN CALLING IS LOCATED IN THE ASTEROID BELT.

THE ASTEROID BELT - WHY, NO ONE'S EVER GOTTEN THROUGH THERE!

WHILE BELOW, IN THE STUDY...

MY LABORATORY IS READY, VICEROY, AND MY RADARIUM BEAMS WILL GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE BELT. I AM WAITING FOR YOU.

FINE, DR. MORI. I WILL LEAVE AT ONCE SIGNING OFF.

PERHAPS I'M A FOOL - BUT I MUST TAKE THIS CHANCE — I MUST!..

I HEAR DAD COMING— QUICK — YOU'D BETTER HIDE IN THE STOREROOM.

HEY, LOOK— THE SHIP'S BEEN DE-MAGNETIZED SO NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW!

LEAD ME, WOMAN!

MINUTES LATER...

DARE YOU QUESTION ME? WHEN I COMMAND, MOVE AT ONCE OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!

AS, ON A HIDDEN PLANETOID...

THE FOOL VICEROY FALLS INTO MY TRAP EASILY. BRAT— GET TO THE RADARIUM SET AND GUIDE HIS SHIP IN!

BUT DOCTOR—

FAT-HEADED BULLY! I'LL PAY HIM BACK SOME-DAY!

IN THE STOREROOM...

OUCH— THE VICEROY NEEDS A FEW LESSONS ON HOW TO REVERSE ROCKETS! GUESS THIS IS IT, FLINT!

YEAH— LET'S TAKE A LOOK.

HE'S CHUTING TO THAT SMALL PLANETOID BELOW— WONDER WHO'S DOWN THERE...

AT LAST I NEAR MY GOAL!

I'M GOING AFTER HIM, REEF. YOU STAY HERE, AND IF WE'RE BOTH NOT BACK BY 4 O, GO BACK AND FETCH THE SPACE FLEET.

AW—YOU'RE ALWAYS LEAVIN' ME BEHIND— I FEEL LIKE A WATCHDOG.

BUT SOON...

I WONDER WHY THE CHIEF CAME HERE... I'LL JUST KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT AND SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO HIM

HEY—WHO'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE HE'S TRAILING THE OTHER GUY...

MAYBE IF I CAPTURE HIM AND BRING HIM IN, DR. MORI WON'T BE SO MEAN TO ME...

HEY, MISTER! GEE— THOUGHT NOBODY'D EVER COME TO SAVE ME!

HUH? WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

I WAS A FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN BEFORE DR MORI REDUCED MY AGE. HE'S GOING TO EXPERIMENT ON ANOTHER EARTHMAN THAT JUST CAME HERE UNLESS WE STOP HIM!

I'M WITH YOU, LITTLE ONE— WHERE DO WE START?

OVER THERE— SEE THE LAB? I KNOW A SECRET ENTRANCE.

WOW—WHAT A BOTTLE CABINET! COME ON!

SUDDENLY—

I OUGHTA PITCH FOR ALL-UNIVERSAL!

MINUTES LATER...

BUT, DR. MORI, I ASSURE YOU...

SO - A SPACE RANGER! YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME, VICEROY!

GET OUT, BOY. VICEROY, YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR DECEIT. STRAP THE RANGER INTO THAT CHAIR!

A DISGUN! WHY I - I'M THE VICEROY - YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

BUT SOON...

AND NOW I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR FATE. I HAVE IN HERE AN AGED JUPITERIAN DAWN MAN.

HIS AGE CYCLE IS COMPLETED, AS IS YOURS, VICEROY. HE IS ALREADY DRUGGED. I WILL START THE EXPERIMENT.

REMEMBER THE YOUNG DOCTOR WHOSE LICENSE YOU REVOKED BECAUSE OF HIS WEIRD EXPERIMENTS? I AM HE, AND NOW I SHALL PAY YOU BACK FOR MY YEARS OF LONELY EXILE!

AND THEN...

IS HE NOT A FINE SPECIMEN? BUT WAIT - ALL IS NOT YET OVER!

IT'S WONDERFUL! THAT'S WHAT YOU PROMISED TO DO TO ME

WHILE ON THE LEDGE OUTSIDE...

WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THE DAWN MAN NOW? WHY IS HE PUSHING HIM INTO THAT OTHER ROOM?

NOW IN THIS CHAMBER I WILL MAKE HIM BREATHE UNDER THE SAME ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE AS EARTH'S. WATCH CLOSELY, VICEROY.

LOOK-LOOK! HE'S AGING AS THOUGH SECONDS WERE YEARS!

BLAZES! HE'S SHRIVELLING AWAY-DISINTEGRATING INTO THE AIR!

NO, NO-IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

YOU'RE NEXT, VICEROY. OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THIS MEANS YOU WILL BE EXILED HERE WITH ME-UNTIL I CHOOSE TO DESTROY YOU.

WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO TRUST YOU-TO BELIEVE YOUR PROMISE TO MAKE ME YOUNG AGAIN!

G-GOSH, TO THINK I HELPED THAT MURDERER! I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK-I KNOW-MY SLINGSHOT...

BULL'S EYE!

WHAT THE DEVIL – HEY– THAT ACID BURNS RIGHT THROUGH THE METAL – I'M FREE!

MY HANDS ARE BURNT– BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

OH!

HERE'S MY OWN SCIENTIFIC SPECIALTY, DOC!

FOOL– TO DARE TO ATTACK ME! ONCE I GET YOU INTO THAT CHAMBER...

O BOY– A FIGHT! HIT HIM AGAIN! HEY– WATCH OUT– DON'T LET HIM PUSH YOU INTO THE ATMOSPHERE ROOM...

AHH! NO–NO!

TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

THIS'LL FIX HIM– HE'LL NEVER GET OUT!

WHEW, SAFE AND SOUND, VICEROY. THANKS TO-- --ER... I DIDN'T CATCH THE TAG, SONNY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

NAME? NAME? G-GOSH, MISTER SPACE RANGER, I-I DON'T KNOW!

WHAT!! NO NAME? THAT'S A SITUATION THAT WILL HAVE TO BE CORRECTED, AND YOU, THE READERS OF PLANET COMICS, MUST SOLVE THIS PROBLEM.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL HIM?

WHY GUESS? GET THE BEST!

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